

BRITISH BEATEN BY POOR GUNNERY, GERMANS CLAIM

One Ship in Action Fourteen
Hours Without Being Hit,
Her Officers Say.

FOUGHT FOR 17 HOURS.

Laugh at British Charge That
Teuton Ships Fled From
Big Dreadnoughts.

BERLIN, June 12.—Officers of the German cruiser Ebling and Frauenlob, in interviews in the Frankfurter Zeitung, give additional details of the North Sea battle, the Ebling's officers emphasizing what they describe as the "extraordinarily bad marksmanship" of the British gunners.

They say that the Ebling was exposed to the continuous heavy fire of British dreadnoughts for a long period and a single fair hit would have sufficed to sink her, but she was not hit once. On the other hand, according to the German officers, almost every German shell found its mark. The German success, they maintain, was due solely to superior marksmanship.

The officers give the duration of the battle as seventeen hours, during four of which the Ebling was continuously engaged. Broad was distributed once, but there was no pause in the fighting in which it could be eaten. Only eight men from the Ebling were lost.

The Frauenlob was engaged from 7 P. M. until 10.30 P. M. and again entered the battle at midnight. Rescued men said that shells howled continuously over their ship while the night was on.

Finally the Frauenlob was hit fairly twice, the explosions being so terrific that virtually everything on board was swept away. At 1 o'clock in the morning the cruiser was struck by a torpedo, the explosion lifting her in the air.

The Ebling's officers, characterized as silly by the British allegation that the German fleet abandoned the field. They pointed out that the British ships were at least as speedy as the German ships, and that the British ships were at least as speedy as the German ships, and that the British ships were at least as speedy as the German ships.

The Frauenlob was engaged from 7 P. M. until 10.30 P. M. and again entered the battle at midnight. Rescued men said that shells howled continuously over their ship while the night was on.

Finally the Frauenlob was hit fairly twice, the explosions being so terrific that virtually everything on board was swept away. At 1 o'clock in the morning the cruiser was struck by a torpedo, the explosion lifting her in the air.

The Ebling's officers, characterized as silly by the British allegation that the German fleet abandoned the field. They pointed out that the British ships were at least as speedy as the German ships, and that the British ships were at least as speedy as the German ships.

The Frauenlob was engaged from 7 P. M. until 10.30 P. M. and again entered the battle at midnight. Rescued men said that shells howled continuously over their ship while the night was on.

Finally the Frauenlob was hit fairly twice, the explosions being so terrific that virtually everything on board was swept away. At 1 o'clock in the morning the cruiser was struck by a torpedo, the explosion lifting her in the air.

The Ebling's officers, characterized as silly by the British allegation that the German fleet abandoned the field. They pointed out that the British ships were at least as speedy as the German ships, and that the British ships were at least as speedy as the German ships.

The Frauenlob was engaged from 7 P. M. until 10.30 P. M. and again entered the battle at midnight. Rescued men said that shells howled continuously over their ship while the night was on.

Finally the Frauenlob was hit fairly twice, the explosions being so terrific that virtually everything on board was swept away. At 1 o'clock in the morning the cruiser was struck by a torpedo, the explosion lifting her in the air.

The Ebling's officers, characterized as silly by the British allegation that the German fleet abandoned the field. They pointed out that the British ships were at least as speedy as the German ships, and that the British ships were at least as speedy as the German ships.

The Frauenlob was engaged from 7 P. M. until 10.30 P. M. and again entered the battle at midnight. Rescued men said that shells howled continuously over their ship while the night was on.

Finally the Frauenlob was hit fairly twice, the explosions being so terrific that virtually everything on board was swept away. At 1 o'clock in the morning the cruiser was struck by a torpedo, the explosion lifting her in the air.

The Ebling's officers, characterized as silly by the British allegation that the German fleet abandoned the field. They pointed out that the British ships were at least as speedy as the German ships, and that the British ships were at least as speedy as the German ships.

The Frauenlob was engaged from 7 P. M. until 10.30 P. M. and again entered the battle at midnight. Rescued men said that shells howled continuously over their ship while the night was on.

Finally the Frauenlob was hit fairly twice, the explosions being so terrific that virtually everything on board was swept away. At 1 o'clock in the morning the cruiser was struck by a torpedo, the explosion lifting her in the air.

FRENCH REPULSE GERMAN INFANTRY WEST OF FORT VAUX

Shell Blows Up Ammunition
Depot in Artillery Duel,
Paris Reports.

PARIS, June 12.—German infantry attacked French positions west of Fort Vaux, on the Verdun front, last night. The assault failed entirely, the official report of to-day says.

An artillery struggle, of the utmost violence, is in progress on the Souvillers and Tannay sectors.

West of Souvillers the French artillery destroyed the German works, one shell causing an explosion within the German lines, apparently having struck an ammunition depot.

The review of the past week's operations characterizes the fighting from Thiaumont Farm to Dambloup, a front of about three miles, as of "extreme violence throughout the whole week."

The climax of this battle was the capture of Fort Vaux on June 7. "More than six divisions of Germans were engaged," the report says, "two of which were newly brought up, one from the Balkans, the other from the western front."

This may mean this division was brought from the British front, or it may be a cable error for "eastern front."

The afternoon's bulletin mentions various minor operations, including some mining in the Argonne, in which two German mines produced a single crater eighty yards in diameter.

Two Lieutenants Shot
By "Jumpy" Sergeant

Concealed Incident of Irish Rebellions Disclosed at Court Martial in Dublin.

DUBLIN, June 12.—An incident of the Irish rebellion heretofore kept secret came out at a court-martial to-day. It concerns the shooting by a sergeant of the guard at the Guinness Brewery of his officer and an employee of the brewery whom he took for rebels.

The defendant is Sergeant Robert Flood of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. He is charged with the murder of Lieut. A. Lucas of King Edward's Horse and William J. Rice, who was employed at the brewery.

Lieut. Lucas took over command of the guard on the night of April 28. It was very dark. Lucas was unknown to the sergeant, and when he opened a window, which was contrary to instructions, Flood ordered his arrest and later his execution as well as that of Rice. Later Lieut. Warwick arrived and also was shot. Warwick was the prosecutor, the guard was very "jumpy."

MRS. T. R. APPEARS
TO BE DEE-LIGHTED

Was Smiling and Happy To-Day
When She Rode Abroad With
the Colonel.

OSTER BAY, June 12 (United Press).—Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt appears to be de-lighted to-day. She hopes it is true that her husband is "out of politics."

She looked like the happiest woman in the world as she rode by the Colonel's side as they started out for a horseback ride across country from Sagamore Hill to-day.

She was smiling and laughing and chattering like a school girl. It is a rare sight among her friends that she has never revealed in the lightest nor has she always been reconciled to divide the Colonel so liberally with the public as politics demand.

Recently the Colonel has ridden ahead and she behind. To-day they rode side-by-side. The Colonel did not appear very illative. He declined to see reporters.

POWER OF REFERENDUM
INDORSED BY COURT

Upholds Action of People in Repeal
of Gerrymander Law Passed
by Ohio Legislature.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—The Supreme Court of the United States to-day affirmed the action of the Ohio Supreme Court in holding that the Supreme Congressional Redistricting law, enacted by the 1915 Legislature, had been repealed by an adverse referendum vote of the people.

Chief Justice White, for the Court, held that the point that a republican form of government was denied by allowing referendum vote on a law passed by a Legislature was one for Congress to consider and not for the courts. He further held that Congress had expressly amended the Federal "Apportionment" act so that the referendum might be applied by the States to apportionment laws.

GOOD IN BETTER TODAY
T. M. STEWART
435-442 W. 51st St.
only office and warehouse

KEYSTONE SYSTEM
—a correct service for
CLEANING
scouring—repairing—mending
packing and storage of
RUGS AND CARPETS
*Columbus 5567

WHEN you go on your vacation
this Summer have
your favorite paper mailed to
you every day.
Evening World, 6c per week
Daily World, 12c per week
Sunday World, 5c per Sunday

You can subscribe for a week or
any length of time you wish and
we will change your address as
often as you desire.
Put your regular newspaper where you
want the paper sent and we will
mail the paper to you. No extra charge.
Postmaster: Please direct all
subscriptions to T. M. Stewart, New York
World, Building New York City.

Two Novelists Answer "What Is Love?" It's a Dynamic Force, Says the Man; Natural Force, Declares the Woman



—Mrs. G. Vere Tyler T. Everett Harre

There Are Four Kinds of
Love, in the Opinion of
Mrs. G. Vere Tyler, but
There's Only One Worth
While Talking About,
and That Is Woman's.

By Nicola Greeley-Smith.
"What is love?" asked a jurymen of
Justice Crane in the trial of a breach
of promise suit in Brooklyn last week.

The jurymen's inquiry was excusable. He was, naturally, a man, a married man, and a resident of Brooklyn.

His first mistake, though, was in asking "What is love?" of another man. No man knows what love is.

Why should he know, since love is the twilight-sleep of the brain from which women awake to find themselves married?

When I went, as one seeking authority, to find the answer to that personally disturbing question, "What is love?" I did not imitate that jurymen and quiz a man about it. When you want to know what love is find the woman. I found her in the person of Mrs. G. Vere Tyler, daughter-in-law of President John Tyler, who has contributed the most interesting novelle of the month to the June Smart Set, a study of the "mystery" which she has called "The Vivisectionist of Women." Sumphox, I hesitate to write that Mrs. Tyler is the daughter-in-law of John Tyler, for, naturally, the phrase conjures a vision of a gray-haired person who may have dominated the nation with Methusalem. Few people know that the lesser half of Tippecanoe and Tyler too was married a second time late in life to a very young woman. It's only fair to say that Mrs. G. Vere Tyler married a member of the younger set of Tyler children and that if her husband were alive to-day he would be in his late fifties.

IN ALL LOVES THERE SHOULD BE PASSION.

"Love," began Mrs. Tyler when I had spread my question on the table of her apartment at No. 165 East Fifteenth Street—"what is love?"

"There are four kinds of love: The love of parent for child, the love of child for parent, the love of man for woman and the love of woman for man."

"In all these four loves there must be passion. Love that is reasonable amounts to nothing. The strongest passion of my life was my love for my mother. It was simply madness. I knew no bounds. I would willingly have been burned to death if it could have saved her from suffering."

"One must love. It is the whole of life, the whole meaning of life; the true compensation of all we must endure."

"One may deny one's self everything but love. No act performed for love's sake is reprehensible. Love is so rare, so fine, so magnificent that only those highly attained are capable of experiencing it. No one thinks enough on the wonders of love."

"Love is a natural force of as much importance as heat and light, and differs only in accordance to the emotional nature of the one affected. A person in love is powerless against the deeds that love enacts through the person. Love is stronger than the person."

"Love cannot be controlled because it is so closely allied to the physical. A victim of love is as powerless against its effect as is the scarlet fever patient. It burns the flesh. It exudes a poison that runs through the body like an acid. A person in love may feel about the room like a drunkard. If the victim attempts to reason the very consideration of the

subject causes the fires to burn the hotter. Almost any deed of love is excusable, because it is outside of the person's power to control it. Don't you agree with me?"

WHEN PROUD PEGASUS BECOMES OLD DOBBIN.

"Indeed, I do not," I replied. "Love may be controlled and should be controlled for the good of its object, and that is the sole purpose of a genuine love. If women would give men love only when they are asked for it the world would be a simpler and happier place. It used to astonish me that the experienced man shrinks from love; that when he sees a grand passion heading his way, he dodges it. But now, I understand why he dodges. I would, too. The man who knows life realizes that a woman's 'I love you' is just the lump of sugar held out to the colt in one hand while the other hand conceals a bridle to slip over his head when he gets near enough to her. The wise colt knows that when a woman puts Pegasus to the plough for her it is only a question of time when Pegasus has become 'good old Dobbin.' Men are and should be afraid of having a cyclone break over them since the inevitable result of the cyclone is to put them to work for it."

Mrs. Tyler replied: "But love is the hurricane of the soul. It tears down and rebuilds, and destroys ruthlessly and without reason, just as a storm does, or it builds up wonderful things."

"My only objection to the feminist movement is that it will tend to reduce woman's love to the common standpoint of man's. Love means as much to woman that nature ordained she must pay for it by physical pain and the infidelity of man."

"I would as soon ask pay of God for robbing me of my child as of man for robbing me of my love—neither can be paid for."

"But a great love pays for itself," Mrs. Tyler continued earnestly. "The 'Vivisectionist of Women' I make the heroine who finally triumphs over the vampire, says, 'It is so absurd for a woman to take a man for any purpose save to get joy out of him. When I love it won't be to suffer, but to get joy out of it—all the joy that is coming to me.' To the scars that come with them. Why call them scars anyhow? Why not call them marks of ecstasy?"

"By all means call them marks of ecstasy," I agreed. "But why have any marks at all? Why should love scar any more than sunlight does? Sunlight does not even burn if you take care for yourself properly. And you know, there is one thing women value more than love—youth; one thing they cherish more than man—their own beauty. It is this, then, to me that it matters whether a woman spends her old age in poverty or at Palm Beach. I am perfectly willing to pass my old age in the woods to carry her husband's dinner to him. She has bread and butter and honey and five cream cheeses in a basket. But she stumbles and one cheese rolls down the mountain. She is not very wise and as she and the other four rolling down the hill to bring back the first cheese. And of course no cheese comes back. A man, you know, is much too wise to send the second cheese rolling after the first one. He keeps the second cheese to roll down the second mountain. Mind you, you know, if lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

"Man's love? Is it worth talking

of love. And we do know that all human beings are imperfect. Each has too little of certain qualities and a superabundance of others. In real love, I think, each individual simply finds his or her complement and, since I believe in the theory of reincarnation, I think that great lovers come together again and again throughout the ages."

"Do you know," I said, "that of all supreme artists lovers form the smallest group? There are more great painters, great musicians, great poets than there are great lovers. Oh, it seems to me that so few people know anything at all about loving! Most of them make such an uninspired mess of it."

"That is still true of perhaps ninety-nine one-hundredths of humanity," Mr. Harre admitted.

"To most men woman is still a convenient animal. To most men love is merely physical satisfaction. The average man goes out and sees a woman who attracts him by some beauty of face or figure, and at once he desires to make love to her. That sort of thing really is not love at all. As for women—how much do most of them get out of love? Think of the women who burrow in the little flat uptown, who are sentenced to a lifetime of drudgery, who are physically and materially satisfied, perhaps, but to whom their husbands mean nothing romantic, nothing impassioned, nothing spiritual."

AN ELYSIUM AND THE ONE ALL-DESIRED.

"A woman with any mind, any longings that are not of the body, must revolt against such an existence as Mrs. Harre's. I think, perhaps, that the woman who burrows in the little flat uptown, who are sentenced to a lifetime of drudgery, who are physically and materially satisfied, perhaps, but to whom their husbands mean nothing romantic, nothing impassioned, nothing spiritual."

"May there not be some love everlasting? Instead of extinction, why should there not be an Elysium where in the arms of one All-Desired one might eternally and never endingly thrill in a luxury of passion, an acme of delicious delight in which there would be no shadows, but to the absence of the heart, no chill waning of the ardor, no ebbing of the pulse-throb, no sudden desolation and sense of defeat? Imagine the transport of such a union—the kiss where with mouths shall never part, the breath which shall never relax, but which, thrilling, tingling, and immense, shall last forever and ever!"

"Women know more about love than men. Don't you think so?" I asked Mr. Harre.

"Yes, because women are more instinctive," he replied. "Perception of love, and the lover, must be based on intuition. The part of the brain that weighs and measures and counts is of no use. Even now man in love is a dull scholar."

"By love, as I have said, is meant so much more than the gratification of physical desire. That, of course, is included, but there is also mental comradeship, the tender impulse to protect and cherish, the union of spirits of all the 'me' and 'you' that is not physical."

"And when this great love comes to a human being, shouldn't it be like the car of Juggernaut, which ruthlessly overruns all that is in its path?" I urged.

"No, for love grows on self-denial and self-sacrifice," averred Mr. Harre. And then he said that he didn't believe a married woman with six children should chuck her family and flee with a soul mate. Well, neither do I. For I don't believe any woman with six children either is or has a soul mate.

"Do you think that there's a future for love?" I questioned finally. "Is it going to be more generally felt and understood?"

AND IT'S ALL LEFT TO THE NEW VENUS.

"The woman of to-morrow will redeem love," declared the novelist. "First, she will be a woman whom man must love as an equal, and that is the basis of perfect love. Then she will be an equal."

"Love," he defined for me, "is the eternal desire of the half to make of itself a whole. There is spiritual electricity in love, a dynamic force which reaches out for its own, and combines spontaneously with it when it is found. The meeting of two real lovers is a towering white flame, instantly kindled. In great love there is no jealousy; that belongs to self-love. And love that is real lasts not merely through life but through eternity."

"I am so glad you say that," I observed. "Do you remember Rupert Brooke's entirely perfect and beautiful sonnet to love, the one beginning 'Love is a breath in the world, a broken gaze' and ending with such devastating sadness—"

"Love is a breath in the world, a broken gaze, and ending with such devastating sadness—"

"Love is a breath in the world, a broken gaze, and ending with such devastating sadness—"

"Love is a breath in the world, a broken gaze, and ending with such devastating sadness—"

"Love is a breath in the world, a broken gaze, and ending with such devastating sadness—"

"Love is a breath in the world, a broken gaze, and ending with such devastating sadness—"

"Love is a breath in the world, a broken gaze, and ending with such devastating sadness—"

"Love is a breath in the world, a broken gaze, and ending with such devastating sadness—"

"Love is a breath in the world, a broken gaze, and ending with such devastating sadness—"

"Love is a breath in the world, a broken gaze, and ending with such devastating sadness—"

"Love is a breath in the world, a broken gaze, and ending with such devastating sadness—"

"Love is a breath in the world, a broken gaze, and ending with such devastating sadness—"

"Love is a breath in the world, a broken gaze, and ending with such devastating sadness—"

"I MUST HAVE HIM," HER DEMAND FOR ANOTHER'S HUBBY

And Then Mrs. F. H. Weaver-
son Sued Mrs. Frame, X-
Scientist, for \$250,000.

HE WAS HER "PUPIL."

Says He Was Her Manager
and Caused Her to Save a
\$2,000,000 Fortune.

Fredrick H. Weaver, the middle-aged Christian Scientist, whose affections are valued at \$250,000 by his wife, Brownie Rathbone Weaver, the "Little Mother" of local Mazarinists, smiled to-day when he heard himself described as Mrs. Caroline W. Frame's "God-sent student."

The description was furnished by Mrs. Cecile Abernathy Holmes, a witness called by Mrs. Weaver when her suit for a quarter of a million dollars against Mrs. Frame, wealthy Christian Scientist reader, was remanded before Supreme Court Justice Gavan and a jury.

Mrs. Holmes testified that shortly after Weaver had embraced Christian Science she paid him a visit at Willwood, the country estate near New Canaan, Conn., owned jointly by Weaver and Mrs. Frame.

That day, she said, Mrs. Frame exclaimed: "Fredrick Weaver is the first student I have instructed in Christian Science and the only one God has sent to me. For that reason I must have him!"

William D. McAdams, a farmer, whose two sons, Willwood, furnished amusement for the court room audience when he declared that Joseph Seymour, one of Mrs. Weaver's star witnesses, was unworthy of belief.

"He stole some of my hen's eggs and I caught him in the act; that's what I did," said McAdams angrily. Weaver, on cross-examination, testified that after he had become Mrs. Frame's student and had been elevated to a readership in the Fourth Church, he became both manager and secretary to her. He opened all her mail, wrote all her checks, paid her bills and attended to all other business and social affairs. He had advised Mrs. Frame to sue for an accounting of her \$2,000,000 estate.

"I believe I saved that fortune for her," Weaver said. "I felt very proud of my achievement."

The witness denied that he refused to rent a piano for his wife's pleasure while they were living with Mrs. Frame at Willwood, but admitted he didn't care much for his wife's music. He denied that there had been any acts of misconduct on the part of himself and Mrs. Frame.

nomically, socially and politically, and she will not give herself, wholly and finally, except where great love is there, she will not be afraid of emotional experience, of gaining a perspective whereby she may know the truly transfiguring and perfect emotion when it comes to her. It is the feminist who will give the first definite and practical answer to the question, 'What is love?'

She must have it to her—the new woman who is going to be the new Venus.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
Austin, Nichols & Co. Inc.
New York

SUNBEAM
PURE FOODS
The World's Best.
Everything you put on
your table put up
under the "Sunbeam" label.
Your grocer has them in stock or will
gladly get them if you ask him.
Order by mail. SUNBEAM.
Insist on the genuine.

CLYDE
CLYDE

OPPENHEIM, COLLINS & C

34th Street—New York

Women's Summer Blouses

Offering Unusual Values Tuesday

10.75 to 15.00 Women's Blouses Reduced to 7.90

Taken from the Regular Stock

About 225 High Cost Blouses, consisting of Hand-Embroidered Nets and Crepe Georgette, in white and colors. Regular 10.75 to 15.00 Values 7.90

Lingerie Blouses
Of Batiste, Voile and Organdie; tailored, sport and frill models; also lace and embroidery trimmed. 2.00

Crepe de Chine and Georgette Crepe Blouses
Tucked, frilled and trimmed models in white and flesh. 2.95

Hand-Embroidered Lingerie Blouses
Superior Batiste and Voile; smart models, with hand-embroidery and hand drawn-work. 5.00

Women's Separate Skirts

Special and Exceptional Values Tuesday

Skirts of Russian Cords, Plique and Gabardine; featuring open pearl button front models, detachable belts and sport pockets. 2.95

Sport and street models of Broad-waist Velvet Corduroy, Striped Gabardine and Plain and Novelty Wash Fabrics. 3.95

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

Wm. D. Gifford